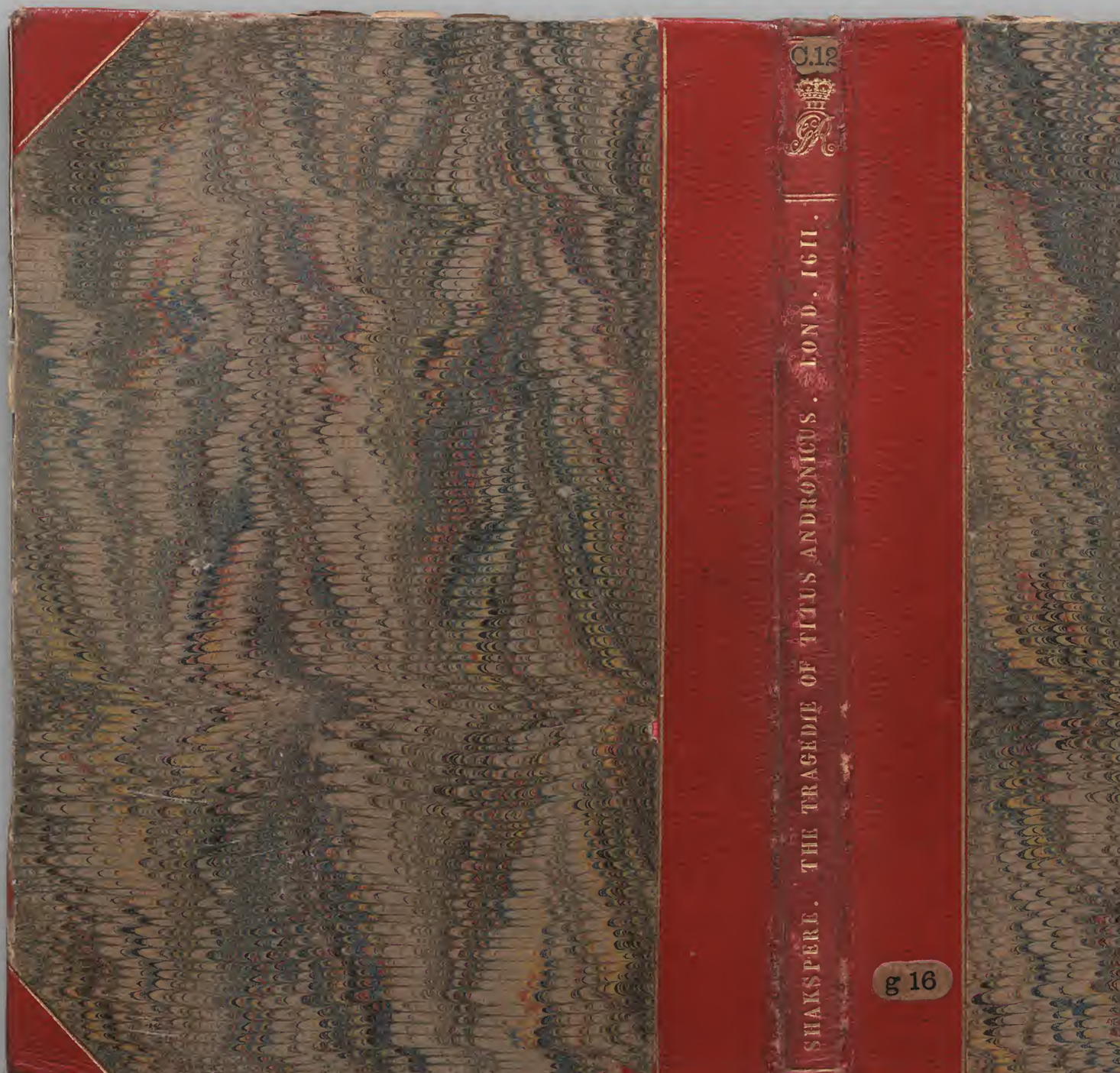


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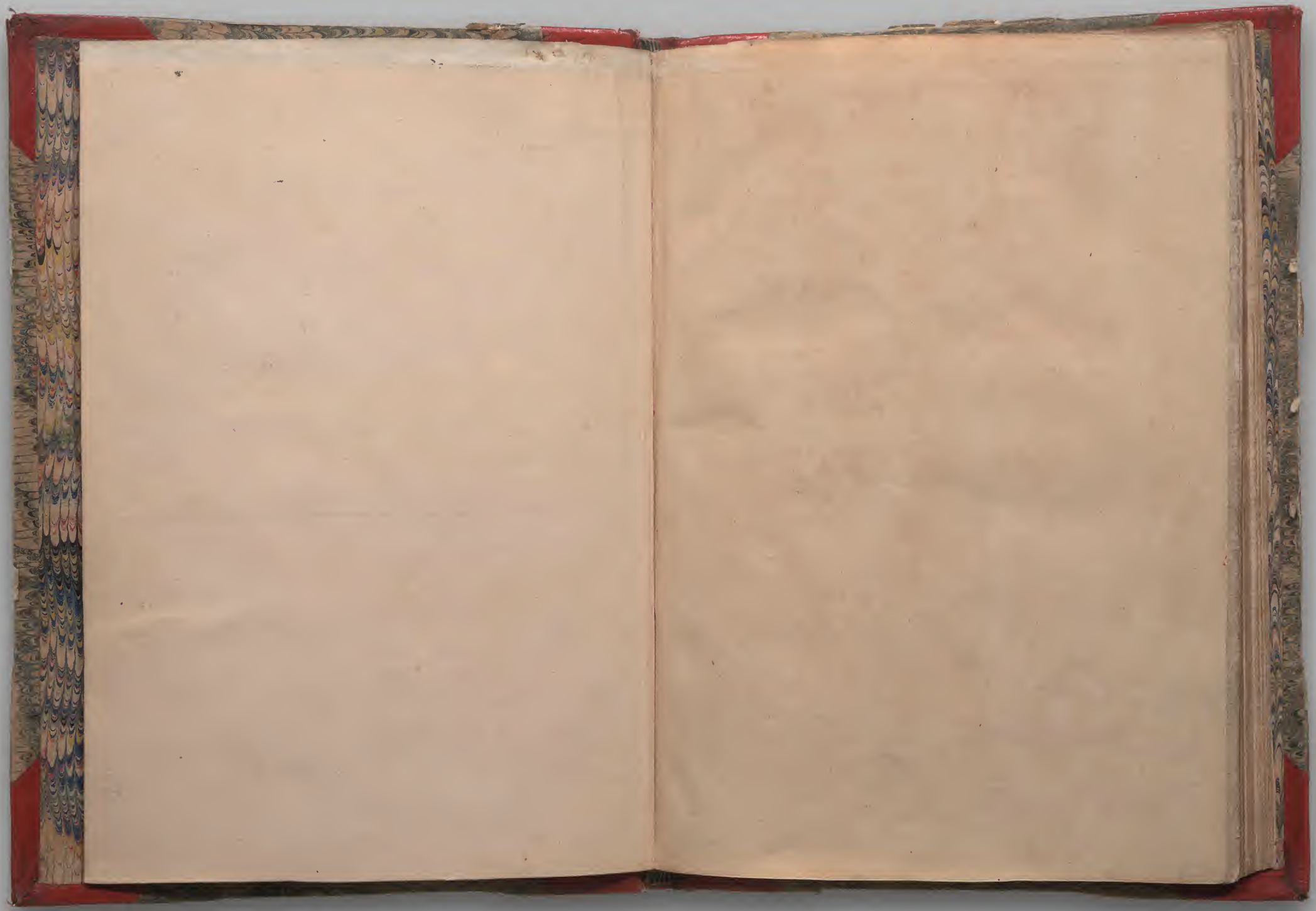

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C.12.g.16



THE
# MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE
of Titus Andronicus.

AS IT HATH SVNDRY
times beene plaide by the Kings
Maieſties Seruants.

LONDON,
Printed for Eedward White, and are to be ſolde
at his ſhoppe, nere the little North dore of
Pauls, at the ſigne of the
Gun. 1611.

# ¶ The moſt lamentable Romaine Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*: As it was plaid by the right honorable the Earle of Darbie, Earle of Pembrooke, and Earle of Suſſex their Seruants.

*Enter the* Tribunes *and* Senatours *aloft: And then enter* Saturninus *and his followers at one doore, and* Baſſianus *and his followers, with Drum and Trumpets.*

*Saturninus.*

NOble Patricians, Patrons of my righe,
Defend the iuſtice of my cauſe with armes.
And Countrymen my louing followers,
Plead my ſucceſſiue title with your ſwords:
I am his firſt borne ſonne, that was the laſt
That ware the Imperiall Diadem of Rome.
Then let my fathers honours liue in mee,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignitie.

*Baſſianus.*

Romaines, friends, followers, fauourers of my right,
If euer *Baſſianus Cæſars* ſonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of royall Rome,
Keepe then this paſſage to the Capitoll,
And ſuffer not diſhonour to approch,
The imperiall ſeat to vertue, conſecrate
To iuſtice, continence, and Nobilitie:
But let deſert in pure election ſhine,
And Romaines fight for freedome in your choice.



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*Marcus Andronicus with the Crowne.*

Princes that striue by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for Rule and Emperie,
Know that the people of Rome for whome we stand
A speciall Partie, haue by common voyce,
In election for the Romaine Emperie
Chosen *Andronicus*, surnamed *Pius*,
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a brauer warriour,
Liues not this day within the Citty walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From weary warres against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his sonnes (a terror to our foes)
Hath yoakt a nation strong, traind vp in Armes.
Tenne yeares are spent since first he vndertooke
This cause of Rome, and chastised with Armes
Our enemies pride: Fiue times he hath returnd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sonnes
In Coffins from the field,
And now at last, laden with honours spoiles
Returnes the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus* flourishing in Armes.
Let vs intreat by honour of his name,
Whome worthily you would haue now succeede,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whome you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength,
Dismisse your followers, and as suters should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humblenes.

*Saturninus.*

How fayre the Tribune speakes to calme my thoughts.

*Bassianus.*

*Marcus Andronicus*, so I doe affie,

In



In thy vprightnes and integrity,
And so I loue and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother *Titus* and his sonnes,
And her to whome my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious *Lauinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere dismisse my louing friends:
And to my fortunes and the peoples fauour,
Commit my cause in ballance to be waid. *Exit Souldiers.*

*Saturninus.*

Friends, that haue beene thus forward in my right,
I thanke you all, and heere dismisse you all,
And to the loue and fauour of my Country,
Commit my selfe, my person, and the cause.
Rome be as iust and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.

*Bassianus.* Tribunes and me a poore Competitor.

*They goe vp into the Senate house.*

*Enter a Captaine.*

Romaines make way, the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of vertue, Romes best Champion:
Successfull in the battailes that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is returnd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoake the enemies of Rome.

*Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and then enter two of* Titus *sonnes, and then two men bearing a Coffin couered with blacke, then two other sonnes, then* Titus Andronicus, *and then* Tamora *the Queene of Gothes and her two sonnes,* Chiron *and* Demetrius, *with* Aron *the Moore, and others, as many as can be, then set downe the Coffin, and* Titus *speakes.*



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*Titus.* Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,
Loe as the barke that hath discharged his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she wayed her anchorage:
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend.
Romaines, of fiue and twenty valiant sonnes,
Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead!
These that suruiue, let Rome reward with loue:
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
With buriall amongst their auncestors.
Heere Gothes haue giuen me leaue to sheath my sword,
*Titus* vnkinde, and careles of thine owne,
Why suffer'st thou thy sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their bretheren.

*They open the Tombe.*

There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more?
*Lucius.* Giue vs the proudest prisoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
*Ad manus fratrum*, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthy prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnappeasd,
Nor we disturbd with prodigies on earth.

*Titus*



*Titus.* I giue him you, the noblest that suruiues,
The eldest sonne of his distressed Queene.
*Tamo.* Stay Romaine brethren, gracious conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,
A mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my sonne to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But must my sonnes be slaughtered in the streetes,
For valiant doings in their Countries cause?
O if to fight for king and common weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in these:
*Andronicus* staine not thy tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull.
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice noble *Titus* spare my first borne sonne.
*Titus.* Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whome you Gothes beheld
Aliue and dead, and for their bretheren slaine,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your sonne is mark't and die he must,
T'appease their groning shadowes that are gone.
*Lucius.* Away with him and make a fire straight,
And with our swords vpon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consumde.

*Exit Titus sonnes with Alarbus.*

*Tamora.* O cruell irreligious piety.
*Chiron.* Was euer Scythia halfe so barbarous?
*Deme.* Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome,
*Alarbus* goes to rest, and we suruiue,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning looke.

Then

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Then Madam ſtand reſolu'd, but hope withall,
The ſelfe ſame Gods that arm'de the Queene of Troy
With oportunitie of ſharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

*Enter the ſonnes of Andronicus againe.*

*Lucius*, See Lord and father how we haue performd
Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the ſacrifiſing fire,
Whoſe ſmoke like incenſe doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our bretheren,
And with lowd larums welcome them to Rome.

*Titus.* Let it be ſo, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his lateſt farewell to theyr ſoules.

*Sound trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.*

In peace and honour reſt you heere my ſonnes,
Romes readieſt Champions, repoſe you here in reſt,
Secure from worldly chaunces and miſhaps:
Here lurks no treaſon, here no enuie ſwels,
Here grow no damned grudges, here are no ſtormes,
No noyſe, but ſilence and eternall ſleepe,
In peace and honour reſt you heere my ſonnes.

*Enter Lauinia.*

*Laui.* In peace and honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My noble Lord and Father liue in fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my bretherens obſequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to *Rome*.
O bleſſe me heere with thy victorious hand,
whoſe fortunes *Romes* beſt Cittizens applauld.

*Titus.* Kind *Rome*, that haſt thus louingly reſerude





The cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
*Lauinia* liue, outliue thy fathers dayes,
And Fames eternall date for vertues praiſe.

*Marcus.* Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

*Titus.* Thankes gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*

*Marcus.* And welcome Nephews from ſucceſſull wars,
You that ſuruiue, and you that ſleepe in fame:
Faire Lords your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your Countries ſeruice drew your ſwords.
But ſafer triumph is this funerall pompe,
That hath aſpirde to *Solons* happines,
And triumphs ouer chaunce in honors bed.
*Titus Andronicus*, the people of Rome,
Whoſe friend in iuſtice thou haſt euer bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their truſt,
This Palliament of white and ſpotleſſe hue,
And name thee in election for the Empire,
With theſe our late deceaſed Emperours ſonnes:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And helpe to ſet a head on headles Rome.

*Titus.* A better head her glorious body fits,
Then his, that ſhakes for age and feeblenes:
What ſhould I d'on this robe and trouble you,
Be choſen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, reſigne my life,
And ſet abroad new buſines for you all.
Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countries ſtrength ſucceſfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant ſonnes,
Knighted in Field, ſlaine manfully in Armes,
In right and ſeruice of their noble Countrie:
Giue me a ſtaffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a ſcepter to controule the world,



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Vpright he held it Lords, that held it laſt.
*Marcus.* *Titus*, thou ſhalt obtaine and aske the Emperie.
*Satur.* Proud and ambitious Tribune canſt thou tell?
*Titus.* Patience Prince *Saturninus*.
*Satur.* Romaines doe me right.
Patricians draw your ſwords and ſheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:
*Andronicus* would thou wert ſhipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.
*Lucius.* Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.
*Titus.* Content thee Prince, I will reſtore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themſelues.
*Baſſian.* *Andronicus*, I doe not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou ſtrengthen with thy friend,
I will moſt thankfull be, and thanks to men
Of noble mindes, is honorable meede.
*Titus.* People of Rome, and peoples Tribunes here,
I aske your voyces and your ſuffrages,
Will you beſtow them friendly on *Andronicus*?
*Tribunes.* To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his ſafe returne to *Rome*,
The people will accept whome he admits.
*Titus.* Tribunes I thanke you, and this ſute I make,
That you create your Emperours eldeſt ſonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whoſe vertues will I hope,
Reflect on *Rome* as Tytans rayes on earth,
And ripen iuſtice in this common weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduiſe,
Crowne him, and ſay, long liue our Emperour.
*Marcus.* *An.* With voyces and applauſe of euery ſort,
Patricians and Plebeans we create
Lord *Saturninus Romes* great Emperour.





And ſay, *Long liue our Emperour* Saturnine.
*Saturni.* *Titus Andronicus*, for thy fauours done,
To vs in our election this day,
I giue thee thankes in part of thy deſerts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentlenes:
And for an onſet Titus to aduance
Thy name, and honorable familie,
*Lauinia* will I make my Empreſſe,
*Romes* royall Miſtris, Miſtris of my hart,
And in the ſacred *Pathan* her eſpouſe:
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion pleaſe thee?
*Titus.* It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me highly honoured of your Grace.
And heere in ſight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and Commander of our common weale,
The wide worlds Emperour, doe I conſecrate,
My ſword, my Chariot, and my priſoners,
Preſents well worthy *Romes* imperiall Lord:
Receiue them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honours Enſignes humbled at thy feete.
*Satur.* Thankes noble Titus, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
*Rome* ſhall record, and when I do forget
The leaſt of theſe vnſpeakable deſerts,
Romans forget your fealtie to me.
*Titus.* Now Madam are you priſoner to an Emperour,
To him that for your honour and your ſtate,
Will vſe you nobly and your followers.
*Satur.* A goodly Lady, truſt me of the hue
That I would chooſe, were I to chooſe a new:
Cleere vp faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warre hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou comſt not to be made a ſcorne in Rome:
Princely ſhall be thy vſage euery way.



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Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madame he comforts you,
Can make you greater then the Queene of *Gothes*,
*Lauinia* you are not displeasd with this.
*Lauinia.* Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in princely curtesie.
*Satur.* Thankes sweete *Lauinia*, Romans let vs goe,
Ransomles heere we set our prisoners free,
Proclaime our honours Lords with trumpe and Drum.
*Bassianus.* Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this maid is mine.
*Titus.* How sir, are you in earnest then my Lord?
*Bassia.* I noble *Titus*, and resolu'd withall,
To doe my selfe this reason and this right.
*Marcus.* *Suum cuiquam* is our Romane iustice,
This Prince in iustice ceazeth but his owne.
*Lucius.* And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* liue.
*Titus.* Traytors auaunt, where is the Emperours gard?
Treason my Lord, *Lauinia* is surprisde.
*Satur.* Surprisde, by whome?
*Bassia.* By him that iustly may
Beare his betrothd, from all the world away.
*Mutius.* Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my sword Ile keepe this doore safe.
*Titus.* Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her back.
*Mutius.* My Lord you passe not heere.
*Titus.* What villaine boy, barst me my way in Rome?
*Mutius* Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kills him.*
*Lucius.* My Lord you are vniust, and more then so,
In wrongfull quarrell you haue slaine your sonne.
*Titus.* Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me.
Traytor restore *Lauinia* to the Emperour.
*Lucius.* Dead if you will but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promist loue.

*Enter*



*Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes, and Aron the Moore.*

*Emperour,* No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:
Ile trust by leisure him that mocks me once,
Thee neuer, nor thy trayterous haughty sonnes,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree these deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That saidst I begd the Empire at thy hands.
*Titus.* O monstrous, what reprochfull words are these?
*Satur.* But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
To him that flourisht for her with his sword:
A valiant sonne in law thou shalt enioy,
One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse sonnes,
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.
*Titus.* These words are razors to my wounded hart.
*Satur* And therefore lowely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the stately *Thebe* mongst her Nimphs,
Dost ouershine the gallant'st Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleasd with this my sodaine choyse,
Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will create thee Empresse of Rome.
Speake Queene of Gothes dost thou applaud my choyse?
And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Priest and holy water are so neere,
And tapers burne so bright, and euery thing
In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,
I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, til from forth this place,
I lead espousde my Bride along with me.
*Tamora.* And heere in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,
If *Saturnine* aduance the Queene of Gothes,



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She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.
*Sat.* Ascend faire Queene, Panthean Lords, accompany
Your noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdome hath her Fortune conquered,
There shall we consummate our spousall rites.
*Exeunt omnes.*
*Titus.* I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride,
*Titus* when wert thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and challenged of wrongs?
*Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes.*
*Marcus.* O *Titus* see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrell slaine a vertuous sonne.
*Titus.* No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deede,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy sonnes.
*Lucius.* But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:
Giue *Mutius* buriall with our bretheren.
*Titus.* Traytors away, he rests not in this tombe:
This monument fiue hundreth yeares hath stood,
Which I haue sumptuously reedified:
Heere none but Souldiers and Romes Seruitors,
Repose in fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can he comes not heere.
*Marcus.* My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.
*Titus two sonnes speakes.*
And shall, or him we will accompany.
*Titus.* And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?
*Titus sonne speakes:*
He that would vouch it in any place but heere.

*Titus.*



*Titus* What would you bury him in my despight?
*Marcus.* No noble *Titus* but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.
*Titus. Marcus*, Euen thou hast stroke vpon my crest,
And with these boyes mine honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euery one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
3. *Sonne.* He is not with himselfe, let vs withdraw.
2 *Sonne.* Not I till *Mutius* bones be buried.
*The brother and the sonnes kneele.*
*Marcus.* Brother, for in that name doth nature plead
2. *Sonne.* Father, and in that name doth nature speake.
*Titus.* Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede.
*Mar.* Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my soule.
*Lutius.* Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all.
*Marc.* Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre
His noble nephew heere in vertues nest,
That died in honour and *Lauinias* cause.
Thou art a Romaine be not barbarous:
The Greekes vpon aduise did bury *Aiax*
That slew himselfe: and wise *Laertes* sonne,
Did graciously plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,
Be bard his entrance heere.
*Titus.* Rise *Marcus*, rise,
The dismalst day is this that ere I saw,
To be dishonored by my sonnes in Rome:
Well bury him, and bury me the next.
*They put him in the Tombe.*
*Lucius*, There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy friends
Till we with Trophees do adorne thy tombe.
*They all kneele and say,*
No man shed teares for noble *Mutius*,
He liues in fame that dide in vertues cause.

*Exit*

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*Exit all but Marcus and Titus.*

*Marcus.* My Lord to ſtep out of theſe dririe dumps,
How comes it that the ſubtile Queene of *Gothes*,
Is of a ſodaine thus aduanced in Rome?

*Titus.* I know not *Marcus:* but I know it is,
(Whether by deuiſe or no) the heauens can tell,
Is ſhe not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne ſo farre?

*Enter the Emperor, Tamora and her two ſonnes, with the Moore at one doore. Enter at the other doore Baſſianus and Lauinia with others.*

*Saturn.* So *Baſſianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy ſir of your gallant Bride.

*Baſſi.* And you of yours my Lord. I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſſe, and ſo I take my leaue.

*Satur.* Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy faction ſhall repent this Rape.

*Baſſia.* Rape call you it my Lord, to ceaſe my owne,
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.

*Satur.* Tis good ſir, you are very ſhort with vs,
But if we liue weele be as ſharpe with you.

*Baſſian.* My Lord, what I haue done as beſt I may,
Anſwere I muſt, and ſhall do with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble Gentleman, Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the reſcue of *Lauinia*,
With his owne hand did ſlay his youngeſt ſonne,
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.





To be contrould in that he frankely gaue,
Receaue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath expreſt himſelfe in all his deedes
A Father and a friend to thee and Rome.

*Titus.* Prince *Baſſianus* leaue to plead my deeds,
Tis thou, and thoſe, that haue diſhonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue lou'd and honoured *Saturnine*.

*Tamora.* My worthy Lord if euer *Tamora*,
Were gracious in thoſe princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me ſpeake indifferently for all:
And at my ſute (ſweete) pardon what is paſt.

*Satur.* What Madam, be diſhonoured openly,
And baſely put it vp without reuenge?

*Tamora.* Not ſo my Lord, the Gods of Rome forfend
I ſhould be Author to diſhonour you.
But on mine honour dare I vndertake,
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:
Whoſe fury not diſſembled ſpeakes his griefes:
Then at my ſute looke graciouſly on him,
Looſe not ſo noble a friend on vaine ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be ruld by me, be wonne at laſt,
Diſſemble all your griefes and diſcontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Leaſt then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iuſt ſuruay take *Titus* part,
And ſo ſupplant vs for ingratude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous ſinne.
Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone
Ile finde a day to maſſacre them all,
And race their faction and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his traytrous ſonnes,
To whome I ſued for my deere ſonnes life,



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And make them know what tis to let a Queene
Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.
*King.* Rise *Titus*, rise, my Empresse hath preuaild.
*Titus.* I thanke your maiestie, and her my Lord.
These words, these lookes, infuse new life in me.
*Tamora.* *Titus* I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must aduise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*,
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince *Bassianus*, I haue past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords: and you *Lauinia*,
By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.
*All.* We doe, and vow to heauen, and to his highnes,
That what we did, was mildly as we might,
Tendring our sisters honour and our owne.
*Marc.* That on mine honour heere I do protest.
*King.* Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.
*Tamora.* Nay, nay, sweet Emperour, we must all be friends
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.
*King.* *Marcus*, for thy sake and thy brothers heere,
And at my louely *Tamoras* intreats,
I doe remit these young mens haynous faults,
Stand vp: *Lauinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a Batchiler from the priest.

Come,



Come, if the Emperours court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lauinia*, and your friends:
This day shall be a loue-day *Tamora*.
*Titus.* To morrow and it please your Maiestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and hound, we le giue your grace bon iour.
*Saturn.* Be it so *Titus*, and gramercy to. *Exeunt*

*sound Trumpets, manet Moore.*

*Aron.* Now climeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Aduanc'd aboue pale enuies threatning reach,
As when the golden sunne salutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering coach,
And ouer-lookes the highest piering hills.
So *Tamora*.
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,
And mount her pitch, whome thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And faster bound to *Arons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* tide to *Caucasus*.
Away with slauish weedes and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in pearle and gold,
To waite vpon this new made Empresse.
To waite said I? to wanton with this Queene,
This Goddesse, this Semerimis, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And see his shipwracke, and his Common-weales.
Hollo, what storme is this?

*Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.*



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*Demet.* *Chiron* thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou knowest affected be.
*Chiron.* *Demetrius*, thou doost ouerweene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
Tis not the difference of a yere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
And plead my passions for *Lauinias* loue.
*Moore* Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace.
*Deme.* Why boy, although our mother (vnaduizd)
Gaue you a daunsing rapier by your side,
Are you so desprat growne to threat your friends?
Goe too: haue your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
*Chiron.* Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.
*Demet.* I boy, grow ye so braue? *they draw.*
*Aron.* Why how now Lords?
So neere the Emperours pallace dare you draw,
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome.
For shame put vp.
*Demet.* Not I, till I haue sheathd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breathd in my dishonour heere.
*Chiron.* For that I am prepard, and full resolude,

Foule



Foule spoken Coward, that thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing durst performe.
*Moore.* Away I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike *Gothes* adore,
This petty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to iet vpon a Princes right?
What is *Lauinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be brocht,
Without controulement, iustice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discords ground, the musicke would not please.
*Chiron.* I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue *Lauinia* more then all the world. (choise
*Demet.* Youngling learne thou to make some meaner
*Lauinia* is thine elder brothers hope.
*Moore.* Why are ye mad? or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deuise.
*Chiron.* *Aron*, A thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieue her whome I do loue.
*Aron.* To atchieue her, how?
*Demetri.* Why, makes thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,
Shee is *Lauinia* therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the mill
Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is,
Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know:
Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better then he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.



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*Moore.* I, and as good as *Saturnine* may.
*Demet.* Then why should he dispaire that knowes to court it
With words, faire lookes, and liberality?
What hast not thou full often strucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?
*Moore.* Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serue your turnes.
*Chiron.* I so the turne were serued.
*Demet.* *Aron* thou hast hit it.
*Moore.* Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tirde with this adoo.
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this? would it offend you then
That both should speede?
*Chiron.* Faith not me.
*Demet.* Nor me, so I were one.
*Aron.* For shame be friends, and ioyne for that you iar,
'Tis pollicie and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolue,
That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chast
Then this *Lauinia*, *Bassianus* loue.
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand,
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:
The forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home By force if not by words,
This way or not at all, stand you in hope,
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit





To villanie and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your selues,
But to your wishes height aduance you both.
The Emperours court is like the house of fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The woods are ruthles, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue boyes, and take your turnes.
There serue your lust, shadowed from heauens eye,
And reuell in *Lauinias* treasurie.
*Chiron.* Thy counsell lad smells of no cowardise.
*Demet.* *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I finde the streame,
To coole this heat, a charme to calme their fits.
*Per Stigia, per manes Vehor.* *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Titus Andronicus *and his three sonnes, making a noyse with hounds and horne.*

*Titus.* The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the court may eccho with the noyse.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspirde.
*Heere a cry of houndes, and winde hornes in a peale, then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus Lauinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.*
*Titus.* Many good morrowes to your maiestie,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale,

*Satur.*

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*Saturnine.* And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to early for new married Ladies,
*Bassia.* *Lauinia*, how say you? (more.
*Lauinia.* I say no: I haue bene broad awake two houres &
*Satur.* Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.
*Marcus.* I haue doggs my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest promontary top.
*Titus.* And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like swallowes ore the plaine.
*Deme.* *Chiron* we hunt not we, with horse nor hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Aron alone.*

*Moore.* He that had wit would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much gold vnder a tree,
And neuer after to inherite it.
Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,
Know that this gold must coine a stratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:
And so repose sweet gold for their vnrest,
That haue their almes out of the Empresse Chest.

*Enter Tamora alone to the Moore.*

*Tamora.* My louely *Aron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When euery thing doth make a gleefull boast?
The birds chaunt melody on euery bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the cheerefull sunne,
The greene leaues quiuer with the cooling winde,
And make a checkerd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweet shade, *Aron* let vs sit,
And whilst the babling Ecchoe mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd hornes,





As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs sit downe and marke their yelloving noyse:
And after conflict such as was supposde
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enioyed,
When with a happy storme they were surprisde,
And curtaind with a counsaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done) possesse a golden slumber,
Whiles hounds and hornes, and sweet melodious birds
Be vnto vs as is a Nurses song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe asleepe.
*Aron.* Madame, though *Venus* gouerne your desires,
*Saturne* is dominator ouer mine:
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholie,
My fleece of Woolly haire that now vncurles,
Euen as an Adder when she doth vnrowle
To do some fatall execution?
No Madam, these are no veneriall signes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and reuenge are hammering in my head.
Harke *Tamora* the Empresse of my soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen then rests in thee,
This is the day of doome for *Bassianus*,
His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to day,
Thy sonnes make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in *Bassianus* blood.
Seest thou this letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this fatall-plotted scrowle,
Now question me no more we are espied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull booty,
Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

*Enter* Bassianus *and* Lauinia

*Tamora.* Ah my sweete *Moore*, sweeter to me then life!



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*Moore.* No more great Empresse, *Bassianus* comes,
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what so ere they be.
*Bassia.* Who haue we heere? Romes royall Empresse,
Vnfurnisht of our well beseeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To see the generall hunting in this Forrest?
*Tamora.* Sawcie controuler of our priuate steps,
Had I the power, that some say *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presently,
With hornes as was *Actæons*, and the hounds,
Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly intruder as thou art.
*Lauinia.* Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your *Moore* and you,
Are singled forth to try experiments:
*Ioue* shield your husband from his hounds to day,
Tis pitty they should take him for a Stag.
*Bassian.* Beleeue me Queene your swarty Cymerion,
Doth make your honour of his bodies hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your traine?
Dismounted from your snow white goodly steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule desire had not conducted you?
*Lauinia.* And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble Lord be rated
For sausines, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauen coloured loue,
This valley fits the purpose passing well.
*Bassia.* The King my brother shall haue notice of this.

*Lauinia.*



*Lauinia.* I, for these slips haue made him noted long,
Good King to be so mightily abused.
*Queene.* Why I haue patience to endure all this.

*Enter Chiron and Demetrius.*

*Dem.* How now deere soueraigne & our gracious mother
Why doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?
*Queene.* Haue I not reason think you to looke pale
These two haue tyced me hither to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is,
The trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Orecome with mosse and balefull Misselto.
Heere neuer shines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Vnlesse the nightly Owle or fatall Rauen:
And when they showd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thousand feinds, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toades, as many vrchins,
Would make such fearefull and confused cries,
As any mortall body hearing it
Should straite fall mad, or else die suddainely.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But strait they told me they would binde me heere,
Vnto the body of a dismall Ewe,
And leaue me to this miserable death.
And then they calld me foule adulteresse,
Lasciuious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes,
That euer eare did heare to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it as you loue your mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cald my children.
*Demet.* This is a witnes that I am thy sonne. *Stab him.*
*Chiron.* And this for me strook home to shew my strength
*Lauinia.* I come Semeramis, nay Barberous Tamora.



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For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.
*Tamora.* Giue me thy ponyard, you shal know my boyes
Your mothers hand shall right your mothers wrong.
*Demet.* Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the corne, then after burne the straw:
This minion stood vpon her chastity,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.
And with that painted hope, braues your mightines,
And shall she carry this vnto her graue?
*Chiron.* And if she doe, I would I were an Euenuke,
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunke pillow to our lust.
*Tamora.* But when ye haue the honny we desire,
Let not this waspe out-liue vs both to sting.
*Chiron.* I warrant you Madam we will make that sure,
Come mistris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice preserued honestie of yours.
*Lauinia.* Oh *Tamora*, thou bearest a womans face.
*Tamora.* I will not heare her speake, away with her.
*Lauinia.* Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.
*Demet.* Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hart to them
As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine.
*Lauinia.* When did the Tigers young ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee.
The milke thou suckst from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny,
Yet euery Mother breeds not sonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pitty. (bastard
*Chiron.* What would st thou haue me proue my selfe a
*Lauinia.* Tis true, the Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moued with pitty, did indure
To haue his princely paws pard all away.

Some



Some say that Rauens foster forlorne children,
The whilst their owne birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kinde but something pittifull.
*Tamora.* I know not what it meanes, away with her.
*Lauinia.* Oh let me teach thee for my fathers sake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.
*Tamora.* Hadst thou in person nere offended me,
Euen for his sake am I pittilesse.
Remember boyes I powrd forth teares in vaine,
To saue your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lou'd of me.
*Lauinia.* Oh *Tamora* be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For tis not life that I haue begd so long,
Poore I was slaine when *Bassianus* dide.
*Tamora.* What begst thou then? fond woman let me goe?
*Lauinia* Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell,
Oh keepe me from their worse then killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this and be a charitable murderer.
*Tamora.* So should I rob my sweet sonnes of their fee,
No, let them satisfie their lust on thee.
*Demet.* Away, for thou hast staid vs heere too long.
*Lauinia.* No grace, no womanhood, ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall—— (husband
*Chiron.* Nay then Ile stop your mouth, bring thou her
This is the hole where *Aron* bid vs hide him.



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*Tamora.* Farewell my sonnes see that you make her sure,
Nere let my hart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Adronicie* be made away:
Now will I hence to seeke my louely Moore,
And let my spleenefull sonnes this Trull deflowre.

*Enter Aron with two of Titus sonnes.*

Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe.
*Quintus.* My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.
*Mart.* And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.
*Quin.* What art thou fallen? what subtile hole is this,
Whose mouth is couered with rude growing briers,
Vpon whose leaues are drops of new shed blood,
As fresh as mornings dew distild on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to me,
Speake brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
*Marti.* Oh brother, with the dismalst obiect,
That euer eye with sight made hart lament.
*Aron.* Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his brother, *Exit*
*Marti.* Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhollow and blood stained hole.
*Quint.* I am surprised with an vncouth feare,
A chilling sweat oreruns my trembling ioynts,
My hart suspects more then mine eie can see.
*Mart.* To proue thou hast a true diuining hart,
*Aron* and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.
*Quint.* *Aron* is gone, and my compassionate hart,
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold,
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:

Oh



Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.
*Martius.* Lord *Bastianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to a slaughtred Lambe,
In this detested darke blood drinking pit.
*Quintus.* If it be darke how doost thou know tis he?
*Martius.* Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
Which like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrailes of this pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on Piramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood,
O brother helpe me with thy fainting hand,
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Octus* mistie mouth.
*Quin.* Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Bastianus* graue:
I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brink.
*Martius.* Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.
*Quin.* Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

*Enter the Emperour, Aron the Moore.*

*Satur.* Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
*Martius.* The vnhappie sonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,

To

To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.
*Saturnin.* My brother dead, I know thou dost but iest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the north side of this pleasant chase,
Tis not an houre since I left him there.
*Mart.* We know not where you left them all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

*Enter Tamora, Andronicus and Lucius.*

*Tamora.* Where is my Lord the King?
*King.* Here *Tamora*, though grieud with killing griefe.
*Tamora.* Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?
*King.* Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,
Poore *Bassianus* heere lies murthered.
*Tamora.* Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeles Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyrannie.

*She giueth Saturnine a Letter.*

*Saturninus reads the Letter.*

*And if we misse to meete him handsomely,*
*Sweet huntsman* Bassianus *tis we meane,*
*Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,*
*Thou knowst our meaning, looke for thy reward.*
*Among the nettles at the Elder tree,*
*Which ouer-shades the mouth of that same pit,*
*Where we decreed to bury* Bassianus,
*Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.*

*King.* Oh *Tamora* was euer heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree,
Looke sirs if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murthered *Bassianus* heere.
*Aron.* My gracious Lord heere is the bag of gold.

*King*



*King.* Two of thy whelpes, fell curs of bloody kinde,
Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuisd
Some neuer heard-of tortering paine for them.
*Tamora.* What are they in this pit, oh wondrous thing?
How easily murder is discouered?
*Titus.* High Emperour vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sonnes,
Accursed, if the faults be prou'd in them.
*King.* If it be prou'de! you see it is apparant,
Who found this letter, *Tamora* was it you?
*Tamora.* *Andronicus* himselfe did take it vp.
*Titus.* I did my Lord, yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent tombe I vow
They shall be ready at your Highnes will,
To answere their suspition with their liues.
*King.* Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me.
Some bring the murthered body, some the murtherers,
Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my soule, were there worse end then death,
That end vpon them should be executed.
*Tamora.* *Andronicus* I wil entreat the King,
Feare not thy sonnes, they shall do well enough.
*Titus.* Come *Lucius* come, stay not to talke with them.

*Enter the Empresse sonnes, with Lauinia, her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, and rauisht.*

*Demet.* So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
Who twas that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee.
*Chiron.* Write downe thy minde, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumpes will let thee play the scribe.
*Demet.* See how with signes and tokens she can scrowle.
*Chiron.* Goe home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.



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*Deme.* She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash,
And so lets leaue her to her silent walkes.
*Chiron.* And twere my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.
*Demet.* If thou hadst hands to helpe thee knit the cord.

*Enter Marcus from hunting.*

Who is this my Neece that flies away so fast?
Cosen a word, where is your husband?
If I do dreame would all my wealth would wake me,
If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe,
That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands,
Hath lopt and hewd, and made thy body bare,
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleepe in,
And might not gaine so great a happines
As halfe thy loue: Why doost not speake to me?
Alas, a crimson riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling fountaine stird with winde,
Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,
Comming and going with thy honny breath.
But sure some *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
And least thou shouldst detect them, cut thy tongue.
Ah now thou turnst away thy face for shame.
And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,
As from a Conduit with their issuing spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Blushing to be encountred with a clowde.
Shall I speake for thee, shall I say tis so?
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast,
That I might raile at him to ease my minde.
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stopt,
Doth burne the hart to cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomella* she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sowed her minde.





But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could haue better sowed then *Philomel.*
Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made:
He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,
What will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee,
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. *Exeunt*

*Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two sonnes bound, passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.*

*Titus.* Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pitty of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept.
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,
For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,
And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whose soules is not corrupted as tis thought.
For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept,
Because they died in honours lofty bed.

*Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.*



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For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite,
My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
O earth, I will befriend thee more with raine
That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres.
In Summers drought, Ile drop vpon thee still,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deere sonnes blood.

*Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.*

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,
And let me say (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preuailing Oratours.
*Lucius.* Oh noble father you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.
*Titus.* Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue *Tribunes*, once more I intreat of you.
*Lucius.* My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speak.
*Titus.* Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me, or if they did marke,
All bootlesse vnto them.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones,
Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete,
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.





A stone is soft as waxe, *Tribunes* more hard then stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore standst thou with thy weapon drawne?
*Lucius.* To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounst
My euerlasting doome of banishment.
*Titus.* O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceaue
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these deuourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

*Enter Marcus and Lauinia.*

*Marcus.* *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
*Titus.* Will it consume me? Let me see it then,
*Marc.* This was thy daughter,
*Titus.* Why *Marcus* so she is.
*Lucius.* Ay me, this obiect kils me.
*Titus.* Faint-harted boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lauinia*, what accursed hand,
Hath made thee handlesse in thy Fathers sight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou camst,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds:
Giue me a sword Ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nurst this woe, in feeding life:
In boorelesse prayer haue they been held vp,
And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse vse.



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Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other?
'Tis well *Lauinia* that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine.
*Lucius*. Speake gentle sister who hath martered thee?
*Marcus*. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blabd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet mellodious bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchaunting euery eare.
*Lucius*. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deede?
*Marc*. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receaude some vnrecuring wound.
*Titus*. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a Rock,
Inuirond with a wildernes of Sea,
Who markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,
Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone,
Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes,
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere *Lauinia*, deerer then my soule.
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me: what shall I doe,
Nowe I beholde thy liuely body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martered thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her,

When



When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the honny dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered. (husband,
*Marc*. Perchance she weepes because they kild her
Perchance because she knowes him innocent.
*Titus*. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Because the law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,
Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle *Lauinia* let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signe how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
How they are staind in meadowes yet not dry,
With miery slime left on them by a flood?
And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shews
Passe the remainder of our hatefull daies?
What shall we doe? let vs that haue our tongues
Plot some deuise of further misery
To make vs wondred at in time to come.
*Luci*. Sweet father cease your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
*Mart*. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine eyes.
*Titus*. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wote,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man hast drownd it with thine owne.
*Luci*. Ah my *Lauinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.
*Titus*. Mark *Marcus* marke, I vnderstand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say

That

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That to her brother which I said to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all be wet,
Can do no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a simpathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from blisse.

*Enter Aron the Moore alone.*

*Moore.* *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the King, he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,
And that shall be the raunsome for their fault.
*Titus.* Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aron*,
Did euer Ranen sing so like a Larke,
That giues sweet tydings of the Sunnes vprise?
With all my hart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?
*Lucius.* Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood then you,
And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.
*Marc.* Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reard aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Wrighting destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath bene but idle, let it serue
To raunsome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.
*Moore.* Nay come agree whose hand shall goe along,
For feare they die before their pardon come.
*Marcus.* My hand shall goe.
*Lucius.* By heauen it shall not goe.





*Titus.* Sirs striue no more, such withred herbs as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.
*Lucius.* Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.
*Marcus.* And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me show a brothers loue to thee.
*Titus.* Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.
*Lucius*, Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.
*Marc.* But I will vse the Axe. *Exeunt.*
*Titus.* Come hither *Aron*, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine.
*Moore.* If that be cald deceit, I will be honest,
And neuer whilst I liue deceiue men so:
But Ile deceiue you in another sort,
And that you'le say ere halfe an houre passe.

*Hee cuts off* Titus *hand.*

*Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.*

*Titus.* Now stay your strife, what shall be is dispatcht:
Good *Aron* giue his Maiestie my hand;
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merrited: That let it haue.
As for my sonnes, say I account of them,
As iewels purchast at an easie price,
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.
*Aron.* I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee.
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany,
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
*Aron* will haue his soule blacke like his face. *Exit.*



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*Titus.* O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what would thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heauen shall heare our prayers,
Or with our sighs weele breath the welkin dimme,
And staine the sunne with fogge as sometime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting bosomes.
*Marcus.* Oh brother speake with possibilities,
And do not breake into these deepe extreames.
*Titus.* Is not my sorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?
Then be my passios bottomlesse with them.
*Marcus.* But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.
*Titus.* If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the windes rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his bigswolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?
I am the sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my Sea be moued with her sighes,
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflowed and drowned:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then giue me leaue, for loosers will haue leaue,
To ease their stomackes with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.*

*Messen.* Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:
Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.





And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:
Thy griefes their sports: Thy resolution mockt:
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*
*Marc.* Now let hot Ætna coole in Cicilie,
And be my hart an euer-burning hell:
These miseries are more then may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.
*Luci.* Ah that this sight should make so deepe a wound,
And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:
That euer death should let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breath.
*Marc.* Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,
As frozen water to a starued snake.
*Titus.* When will this fearefull slumber haue an end?
*Mar.* Now farewell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sonnes heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter heere?
Thy other banisht sonne with this deere sight
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Euen like a stony Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent of thy siluer haire, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?
*Titus.* Ha, ha, ha.
*Marc.* Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.
*Titus.* Why I haue not another teare to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemie,
And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Cauc?



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For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returnd againe,
Euen in their throats that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs,
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Lauinia* thou shalt be imployd in these Armes,
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an army there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.

*Exeunt.*

*Lucius.* Farwell *Andronicus* my noble Father;
The wofulst man that euer liude in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome till *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell *Lauinia* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast bene,
But now not *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues
But in obliuion and hatefull griefes:
If *Lucius* liue he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empresse
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the Gothes and raise a power,
To be reuengd on Rome and *Saturnine*.

*Exit Lucius.*

*Enter*



*Enter Lucius sonne and Lauinia running after him, and the boy flies from her with his bookes vnder his arme.*

*Enter Titus and Marcus.*

*Puer.* Helpe Grandsier helpe, my Aunt *Lauinia*,
Followes me euery where I know not why.
Good Vncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.
*Marcus.* Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thine aunt.
*Titus.* She loues thee boy too well to do thee harme.
*Puer.* I when my father was in Rome she did.
*Marcus* What meanes my Neece *Lauinia* by these signes?
*Titus.* Feare her not *Lucius* somewhat doth she meane.
See *Lucius* see, how much she makes of thee:
Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care
Red to her sonnes then she hath red to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:
Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus?
*Puer.* My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,
Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:
For I haue heard my Grandsier say full oft,
Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.
And I haue red that *Hecuba* of Troy,
Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my bookes and flie,
Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Vncle *Marcus* goe,



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I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.
*Marc.* *Lucius* I will.
*Titus*, How now *Lauinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that she desires to see:
Which is it girle of these? open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyse of all my Library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the damnd contriuer of this deede.
Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?
*Marc.* I thinke she meanes that there was more then one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or else to heauen she heaues them for reuenge.
*Titus.* *Lucius* what booke is that she tosseth so?
*Puer.* Grandsier tis Ouids Metamorphosis,
My mother gaue it me.
*Marc.* For loue of her thats gone,
Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.
*Titus.* Soft, so busily she turnes the leaues,
Helpe her, what would she finde? *Lauinia* shall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*,
And treates of *Tereus* treason and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.
*Marc.* See brother see note how she quotes the leaues.
*Titus.* *Lauinia*, wert thou thus surprizd sweet girle,
Rauisht and wrongd as *Philomela* was,
Forcd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)
Patternd by that the Poet heere describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.
*Marc.* O why should nature build so foule a den,
Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?
*Tit.* Giue signes sweet girle for heere are none but friends.
What



What Romane Lord it was durst do the deede?
Or slonke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erst,
That left the Campe to sinne in *Lucrece* bed.
*Marc.* Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,
*Appollo*, *Pallas*, *Ioue*, or *Mercury*,
Inspire me that I may this treason finde.
My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lauinia*.

*He writes his Name with his staffe, and guides it with feete and mouth.*

This sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst.
This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forst vs to this shift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
What God will haue discouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the traytors and the truth.

*She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her stumpes, and writes.*

*Titus.* Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writ,
*Stuprum*, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
*Marc.* What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hainous bloody deede?
*Titus.* *Magni Dominator poli,*
*Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?*
*Marc.* Oh calme thee gentle Lord, although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a mutenie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes.
My Lord kneele downe with me, *Lauinia* kneele,
And

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And kneele sweete boy, the Romaine Hectors hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull feere,
And father of that chast dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute by good aduise
Mortall reuenge vpon these trayterous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproch.
*Titus.* Tis sure enough, and you knew how,
But if you hunt these Beare whelpes then beware,
The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deepely still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back.
And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let it alone,
And come I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
And with a gad of steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde,
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And wheres your lesson then, boy what say you?
*Puer* I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.
*Marc.* I thats my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like.
*Puer.* And Vnckle so will I, and if I liue.
*Titus.* Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
*Lucius* Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thoult do thy message, wilt thou not?
*Puer.* I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsir.
*Titus.* No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
*Lauinia* come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
*Lucius* and Ile goe braue it at the Court.





I marry will we sir, and weele be waited on. *Exeunt.*
*Marc.* O heauens! can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?
*Marcus* attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his hart,
Then foe-mens markes vpon his battred shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus.* *Exit*

*Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore, and at another dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ vpon them.*

*Chiron.* *Demetrius* heeres the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliuer vs.
*Aron.* I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.
*Puer.* My Lords, with all the humblenes I may,
I greete your honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.
*Deme.* Gramercie louely *Lucius*, what's the newes?
*Puer.* That you are both decipherd, that's the newes,
For villaines markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandsier well aduisde hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth
The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say:
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue neede,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both: like bloody villaines. *Exit.*
*Deme.* What's heere? a scrole, and written round about?
Let's see,
*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non eget mauri iaculis nec arcus.*
*Chiron.* O tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well.



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I read it in the Grammer long agoe.
*Moore* Iust, a verse in *Horace*, right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Asse.
Heeres no sound iest, the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty Empresse well a foote,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,
But let her rest in her vnrest a while.
And now young Lords, was't not a happy starre,
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so
Captiues to be aduanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.
*Demet.* But me more good to see so great a Lord,
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.
*Moore* Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*,
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?
*Demet.* I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.
*Chiron.* A charitable wish and full of loue.
*Moore.* Heere lacks but your mother for to say Amen.
*Chiron.* And that would she for twenty thousand more.
*Demet.* Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.
*Moore.* Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

*Trumpets sound.*

*Dem.* Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?
*Chiron.* Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.
*Deme.* Soft, who comes heere?

*Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore childe.*

*Nur.* Good morrow Lords, O tell me did you see *Aron* the
*Aron.* Well, more or lesse, or neere a whit at all, (Moore
Heere



Heere *Aron* is, and what with *Aron* now?
*Nurse.* Oh gentle *Aron*, we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.
*Aron.* Why what a catterwalling dost thou keepe,
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?
*Nurse.* O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,
She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.
*Aron.* To whome?
*Nurse.* I meane she is brought a bed.
*Aron.* Wel God giue her good rest, what hath he sent her?
*Nurse.* A deuill.
*Aron.* Why then she is the Deuils Dam, a ioyfull issue,
*Nurse.* A ioyles, dismall, blacke, and sorrowfull issue,
Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.
*Aron.* Zounds ye whore, is black so base a hue?
Sweet blows, you are a beautious blossome sure.
*Deme.* Villaine what hast thou done?
*Aron.* That which thou canst not vndoe.
*Chiron.* Thou hast vndone our mother.
*Aron.* Villaine, I haue done thy mother.
*Demet.* And therein hellish dog thou hast vndone,
Woe to her chance, and damnd her loathed choyce,
Accurst the offspring of so foule a fiend.
*Chiron.* It shall not liue.
*Aron.* It shall not die.
*Nurse.* *Aron* it must, the mother wils it so.
*Aron.* What must it Nurse? then let no man but I,
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.
*Dem.* Ile broach the tadpole on my Rapiers point,
Nurse giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.



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*Aron.* Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels vp.
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning tapers of the skie,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,
That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.
I tell you younglings, not *Enceladus*,
With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:
What, what, ye sanguine shallow harted boyes,
Yee white-limbde walls, ye ale-house painted signes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it scornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although she laue them hourely in the flood:
Tell the Empresse from me I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.
*Demet.* Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus?
*Aron.* My mistris is my mistris, this my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,
Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome.
*Demet.* By this our mother is for euer shamde.
*Chiron.* Rome will despise her for this foule escape.
*Nurse.* The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
*Chiron.* I blush to thinke vpon this ignomie.
*Aron,* Why theres the priuiledge your beauty beares:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the hart:
Heeres a young lad framde of another leere,
Looke how the blacke slaue smiles vpon the father,





As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.
He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed
Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,
And from that wombe where you imprisoned were,
He is infranchised and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seale be stamped in his face.
*Nurse.* *Aron* what shall I say vnto the Empresse?
*Demet.* Aduise thee *Aron*, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy aduise:
Saue thou the childe so we may all be safe.
*Aron.* Then sit we downe and let vs all consult.
My sonne and I will haue the winde of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.
*Demet.* How many women saw this childe of his?
*Aron.* Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
I am a Lambe, but if you braue the *Moore*,
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse,
The Ocean swells not so as *Aron* stormes:
But say againe, how many saw the childe?
*Nurse.* *Cornelia*, the midwife and my selfe,
And no one else but the deliuered Empresse.
*Aron.* The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
Two may keepe counsell when the third's away:
Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said, *He kills her.*
Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to the spit.
*Demet.* What meanst thou Aron, wherefore didst thou this
*Aron.* O Lord sir, tis a deed of pollicie,
Shall she liue to betray this gilt of ours?
A long tongu'd babling Gossip, no Lords no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faire as you are:



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Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their childe shall be aduaunst,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke ye Lords, ye see I haue giuen her physick,
And you must needes bestow her funerall,
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, see that you take no longer daies
But send the Midwife presently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

*Chiron.* *Aron* I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with secrets.

*Demet.* For this care of *Tamora*,
Herselfe and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt*

*Aron.* Now to the Gothes, as swift as swallow flies.
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretly to greete the Empresse friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-slaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
And feede on curds and whay, and suck e the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp
To be a warriour, and commaund a Campe. *Exit.*

*Enter* Titus, *old* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other gentlemen with bowes, and* Titus *beares the arrowes with Letters on the ends of them.*

*Titus.* Come *Marcus*, come, kinsmen this is the way,
Sir boy let me see your archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough and tis there straight,

*Terras*



*Terras Astrea reliquit*, be you remembred *Marcus*.
Shees gone, shees fled, sirs take you to your tooles,
You Cosens shall goe sound the Ocean,
And cast your nets, happily you may finde her in the sea,
Yet theres as little iustice as at Land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it,
Tis you must dig with mattocke, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost center of the earth,
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iustice and for aide,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with sorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome, well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the peoples suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue shipt her hence,
And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for iustice,

*Marc.* O *Publius* is not this a heauie case
To see thy noble Vncle thus distract?

*Publi.* Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindely as we may,
Till time beget some carefull remedie.

*Marcus.* Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traytor *Saturnine*.

*Titus.* *Publius* how now, how now my Maisters,
What haue you met with her?

*Pabli.* No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,

Marrie

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Marrie for Iustice she is so imployd,
He thinkes with *Ioue* in heauen, or some where else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.
*Titus.* He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
Ile diue into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acaron by the heeles.
*Marcus* we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bond-men, framd of the Cyclops size,
But mettal *Marcus*, steele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backs can beare:
And sith there's no iustice in earth nor hell,
We will solicite heauen, and moue the Gods,
To send downe Iustice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

*He giues them the Arrowes.*

*Ad Iouem*, thats for you, here *ad Apollonem*,
*Ad Martem*, thats for my selfe,
Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to shoote against the winde.
To it boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid,
Of my word, I haue written to effect,
There's not a God left vnsollicited.
*Marcus* Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.
*Titus.* Now Maisters draw, oh well said *Lucius*,
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.
*Marc.* My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.
*Titus.* Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.
*Marcus.* This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gald, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,

And

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Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His ſorrowes haue ſo ouerwhelmde his wits?
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternes?
And now he writes to heauen for his redreſſe,
See heeres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet ſcrowles to flie about the ſtreets of Rome,
Whats this but Libelling againſt the Senate,
And blazoning our vniuſtice euery where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would ſay, in Rome no iuſtice were:
But if I liue, his fained extaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages,
But he and his ſhall know that iuſtice liues
In *Saturninus* health, whome if he ſleepe,
Heele ſo awake, as he in fury ſhall
Cut off the proud'ſt conſpiratour that liues.

*Tamora*. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commaunder of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of ſorrow for his valiant ſonnes,
Whoſe loſſe hath pearſt him deepe, and ſcard his hart,
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Then proſecute the meaneſt or the beſt
For theſe contempts: Why thus it ſhall become
Hie witted *Tamora* to gloſe with all:
But *Titus* I haue touched thee to the quicke,
Thy life-blood out: if *Aron* now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the Anchor's in the port.

*Enter Clowne.*

How now good fellow wouldſt thou ſpeake with vs?

*Clowne*. Yea forſooth, and your Miſterſhip be Emperiall.



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*Tamora.* Empreſſe I am, but yonder ſits the Emperour.
*Clowne.* Tis he, God and Saint Stephen giue you good den,
I haue brought you a letter and a couple of pigions heere.

*He reads the Letter.*

*Satur.* Goe take him away and hang him preſently.
*Clowne.* How much money muſt I haue?
*Tamora.* Come ſirra, you muſt be hanged.
*Clowne.* Hangd, be Lady then I haue brought vp a neck to a faire end.

*Exit.*

*Satur.* Diſpightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monſtrous villany?
I know from whence this ſame deuiſe proceedes:
May this be borne, as if his trayterous ſonnes,
That dide by law formurther of our brother,
Haue by my meanes bene butchered wrongfully?
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor age, nor honour, ſhall ſhape priuiledge,
For this proud mocke Ile be thy ſlaughter man,
Sly franricke wretch, that holpſt to make me great,
In hope thy ſelfe ſhould gouerne Rome and me.

*Enter Nuntius Emillius.*

*Saturn.* What newes with thee *Emillius*?
*Emil.* Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cauſe,
The Gothes haue gathered head, and with a power
Of high reſolued men, bent to the ſpoyle,
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*, ſonne to old *Andronicus*,
Who threats in courſe of this reuenge to doe





As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.
*King.* Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes,
Theſe tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with froſt, or graſſe beat downe with ſtormes:
I, now begins our ſorrowes to approach,
Tis he the common people loue ſo much,
My ſelfe hath often heard them ſay,
When I haue walked like a priuate man,
That *Lucius* baniſhment was wrongfully,
And they haue wiſht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.
*Tamora.* Why ſhould you feare, is not your Citty ſtrong?
*King.* I but the Cittizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will reuolt from me to ſuccour him.
*Tamora.* *King*, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dimd, that Gnats do flie in it?
The Eagle ſuffers little birds to ſing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the ſhadow of his wings,
He can at pleaſure ſtint their melodie.
Euen ſo mayeſt thou the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy ſpirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more ſweet and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fiſh, or honny ſtalkes to ſheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious feede.
*King.* But he will not entreat his ſonne for vs.
*Tamor.* If *Tamora* entreat him then he will,
For I can ſmooth and fill his aged eare,
With golden promiſes, that were his heart
Almoſt impregnable, his old yeares deafe,
Yet ſhould both eare and hart obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to be our Embaſſadour,
Say that the Emperour requeſts a parly



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Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.
*King.* *Emillius* doe this message honourably,
And if he stand in hostage for his safety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.
*Emillius.* Your bidding shall I doe effectually.

*Exit.*

*Tamora.* Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes,
And now sweet Emperour be blith againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuises.
*Satur.* Then goe successantly and plead to him.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes, with Drum and Souldiers.*

*Lucius.* Approued warriours, and my faithfull friends,
I haue receaued letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords be as your titles witnes,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.
*Goth.* Braue slip sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt,
Be bolde in vs, weele follow where thou leadst,
Like stinging Bees in hotest Sommers day,
Led by their maister to the flowred fields,
And be auengd on cursed *Tamora*;

And



And as he saith, so say we all with him.
*Lucius.* I humbly thanke him and I thank you all.
But who comes heere led by a lusty *Goth*?

*Enter a Goth leading of Aron with his child in his armes.*

*Goth.* Renowned *Lucius* from our troups I straid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the wasted building, suddainely
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:
I made vnto the noyse, when soone I heard,
The crying babe controld with this discourse:
Peace tawny slaue, halfe me, and halfe thy dam,
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mothers looke,
Villaine thou mightst haue bene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk white,
They neuer do beget a cole-blacke Calfe:
Peace villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trusty Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy mothers sake.
With this my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him,
Surprizd him suddainely, and brought him hither
To vse as you thinke needefull of the man.
*Lucius.* Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,
That robd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
This is the Pearle that pleasd your Empresse eye,
And heeres the base fruit of his burning lust,
Say wall-eyd slaue whether wouldst thou conuay
This growing Image of thy fiendlike face?
Why dost not speake? what deafe, not a word?

A

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A halter Souldiers, hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of Bastardie.
*Aron.* Touch not the boy, he is of Royall blood.
*Luci.* Too like the Syre for euer being good,
First hang the childe that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vexe the fathers soule withall.
*Aron.* Get me a ladder, *Lucius* saue the childe,
And beare it from me to the Empresse:
If thou doe this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more but vengeance rot you all.
*Lucius.* Say on, and if it pleas[illegible] which thou speakst,
Thy childe shall liue, and I will see it nourisht.
*Aron.* And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,
Twill vexe thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must talke of murthers, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of blacke nights, abhominable deeds,
Complots of mischiefe, treason, villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously performd,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Vnlesse thou sweare to me my childe shall liue.
*Lucius.* Tell on thy minde, I say thy childe shall liue.
*Aron.* Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin.
*Lucius.* Who should I sweare by, thou beleeuest no God,
That graunted, how canst thou beleeue an oath?
*Aron.* What if I doe not, as indeed I doe not,
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I haue seene thee carefull to obserue,
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know
An Idcot holds his bauble for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares,





To that Ile vrge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so ere it be
That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,
To saue my boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Or else I will discouer nought to thee.
*Lucius.* Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will.
*Aron.* First know thou, I begot him on the Empresse,
*Lucius.* Oh most insatiate luxurious woman!
*Aron.* Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deede of charitie,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
Twas her two sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,
They cut thy sisters tongue and rauisht her,
And cut her hands, and trimd her as thou saw'st.
*Lucius.* Oh detestable villaine, call'st thou that trimming
*Aron.* Why she was washt, and cut, and trimd,
And twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it,
*Lucius.* Oh barberous beastly villaines like thy selfe!
*Aron.* Indeede I was their tutor to instruct them,
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a carde as euer wonne the set:
That bloody minde I thinke they learnd of me,
As true a dog as euer fought at head:
Well, let my deedes be witnes of my worth,
I traynde thy brethren to that guilefull hole,
Where the dead corps of *Bassianus* lay:
I wrote the letter that thy Father found,
And hid the gold within the Letter mentioned,
Confederate with the Queene, and her two sonnes.
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischiefe in it.
I playd the cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it drew my selfe apart,
And almost broke my hart with extreame laughter,
I pried me through the creuie of a wall,



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When for his hand he had his two sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empresse of this sport,
She sounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gaue me twenty kisses.

*Goth.*

What canst thou say all this, and neuer blush?

*Aron.*

I like a blacke dogge as the saying is.

*Lucius.*

Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes.

*Aron.*

I that I had not done a thousand more,
Euen now I curse the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within the compasse of my curse,
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else deuise his death,
Rauish a maid, or plot the way to doe it,
Accuse some innocent, and forswear my selfe,
Set deadly enmity betweene two friends,
Make poore mens cattell breake their necks,
Set fire on barnes and hay stackes in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their teares:
Oft haue I digd vp dead men from their graues,
And set them vpright at their deere friends doore,
Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the barke of trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine letters,

Let



Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thousand dreadfull thinges
As willingly as one would kill a flie,
And nothing greeues me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe tenne thousand more.
*Lucius.* Bring downe the deuill, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.
*Aron.* If there be deuils, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerlasting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
*Lucius.* Sirs stop his mouth, and let him speake no more.

*Enter Emillius.*

*Goth.* My Lord there is a Messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.
*Lucius.* Let him come neere.
Welcome *Emillius*, what's the newes from Rome?
*Emill.* Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
He craues a parly at your fathers house
Willing you to demaund your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliuered.
*Goth.* What saies our Generall?
*Lucius.* *Emillius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*,
And we will come: march away. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Tamora, and her two sonnes disguised.*

*Tamora.* Thus in this strange and sad habilliament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,



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And say, I am reuenge sent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,
Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
To ruminate strange plots of diere Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his enemies.

*They knocke and Titus opens his studie dore.*

*Titus.* Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That so my sad decrees may flie away,
And all my studie be to no effect?
You are deceaud, for what I meane to doe,
See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe,
And what is written shall be executed.
*Tamora.* *Titus*, I am come to talke with thee,
*Titus.* No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue that accord,
Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more. (me
*Tamora.* If thou didst know me thou wouldst talke with
*Titus.* I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witnes this wretched stump, witnes these crimson lines,
Witnes these trenches made by griefe and care,
Witnes the tyring day and heauie night,
Witnes all sorrow that I know thee well
For our proud Empresse, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?
*Tamora.* Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy enemie, and I thy friend,
I am Reuenge sent from th'infernall Kingdome,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy minde,
By working wreakefull vengeance on thy foes:

Come



Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of murder and of death,
There's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murther or detested rape,
Can couch for feare but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.
*Titus.* Art thou Reuenge, and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?
*Tamora.* I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.
*Titus.* Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee,
Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
Now giue some surance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper palfreies, as blacke as Iet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
And finde out murder in their guilty cares.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from *Epeons* rising in the East,
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.
And day by day ile doe this heauy taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.
*Tamora.* These are my ministers and come with me.
*Titus.* Are them thy ministers, what are they call'd?
*Tamora.* Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kinde of men.
*Titus.* Good Lord how like the Empresse Sonnes they are
And you the Empresse: but we worldly men
Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes.



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Oh sweet Reuenge now doe I come to theee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.
*Tamora.* This closing with him fits his Lunacie,
Whatere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,
Doe you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmely takes me for Reuenge,
And being credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him send for *Lucius* his sonne,
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
Ile finde some cunning practise out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,
Or at the least make them his enemies:
See heere he comes, and I must ply my theame.
*Titus.* Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread fury to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther you are welcome too,
How like the Empresse and her sonnes you are,
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell affoord you such a deuill?
For well I wote the Empresse neuer wags,
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you represent our Queene aright,
It were conuenient you had such a deuill:
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?
*Tamora.* What wouldst thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?
*Deme.* Show me a murtherer Ile deale with him.
*Chiron.* Show me a villaine that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reuengd on him,
*Tamora.* Show me a thousand that haue done thee wrong,
And I will be reuenged on them all.
*Titus.* Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou findst a man that's like thy selfe,
Good murther stab him, hees a murtherer,

Goe



Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a rauisher,
Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For vp and downe she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They haue bene violent to me and mine,
*Tamora.* Well hast thou lesson'd vs, this shall we doe.
But would it please thee good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a band of warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
When he is heere, euen at thy solemne feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and her sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoope and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry hart:
What saies *Andronicus* to this deuise?

*Enter Marcus.*

*Titus.* *Marcus* my brother, tis sad *Titus* calls,
Goe gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour and the Empresse too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This doe thou for my loue, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.
*Mar.* This will I doe, and soone returne againe.

*Tamora*

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*Tamor.* Now will I hence about thy businesse,
And take my ministers along with me.
*Titus.* Nay, nay, let rape and murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.
*Tam.* What say you boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouernd our determined iest,
Yeelde to his humour, smooth and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.
*Titus.* I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in theyr owne deuises,
A payre of cursed hell-hounds and their Dam.
*Deme.* Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere.
*Tamora.* Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
*Titus.* I know thou doost, and sweete reuenge farewell.
*Chiron.* Tell vs old man, how shall we be imployd,
*Titus.* But I haue worke enough for you to doe,
*Publius* come hether, *Caius*, and *Valentine*,
*Publius.* What is your will?
*Titus.* Know you these two?
*Pub.* The Empresse sonnes I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
*Titus.* Fie *Publius* fie, thou art too much deceaude,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore binde them gentle *Publius*,
*Caius* and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wish for such an houre,
And now I finde it, therefore binde them sure,
And stop their mouthes if they begin to cry.
*Chiron.* Villaines forbeare, we are the Empresse sonnes.
*Publius.* And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast.

*Enter*



*Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia with a Bason.*

*Titus.* Come, come *Lauinia*, looke, thy foes are bound,
Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
Oh villaines, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
Here stands the spring whome you haue staind with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kild her husband, and for that vilde fault,
Two of her brothers were condemnd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry iest,
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more deere
Then hands or tongue, her spotlesse chastity,
Inhumaine traytors, you constraind and forst.
What would you say if I should let you speake?
Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
Harke wretches how I meane to martyr you,
This one hand yet is left to cut your throates
Whilst that *Lauinia* tweene her stumps doth hold
The Bason that receaues your guilty blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feast with me,
And calls herselfe Reuenge, and thinkes me mad.
Harke villaines, I will grinde your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it Ile make a paste,
And of the paste a coffen I will reare,
And make two pasties of your shamefull heads,
And bid that strumpet your vnhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth swallow her owne increase.
This is the feast that I haue bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfet on,
For worse then *Philomel* you vsde my daughter,
And worse then *Progne* I will be reuengd,



And

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And now prepare your throats: *Lauinia* come,
Receaue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grinde their bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull liquour temper it,
And in that paste let their vilde heads be bakte,
Come, come, be euery one officious,
To make this banket, which I wish may proue
More sterne and bloody then the Centaures feast.

*He cuts their throats.*

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And see them ready against their Mother comes.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.*

*Lucius.* Vnckle *Marcus*, since tis my fathers minde
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.

*Goth.* And ours with thine befall what Fortune will.

*Lucius.* Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This rauenous Tiger, this accursed deuill,
Let him receaue no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperours face,
For testimony of her foule proceedings:
And see the Ambush of our friends be strong,
I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.

*Moore.* Some deuill whisper curses in mine eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,
The venemous mallice of my swelling heart.

*Lucius.* Away inhumane dogge, vnhallowed slaue,
Sirs, helpe our vnckle to conuey him in,
The trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

*Sound Trumpets, Enter Emperour and Empresse, with Tribunes and others.*

*King.* What, hath the firmament moe sunnes then one?

*Lucius,*



*Lucius.* What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a sunne?

*Marcus,* Romes Emperour and Nephew breake the parle
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The feast is ready which the carefull *Titus*,
Hath ordained to an honourable end,
For peace, for loue, for league and good to Rome:
Please you therefore draw nie and take your places.

*Saturn.* *Marcus* we will.

*Sound trumpets, enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meate on the Table, and Lauinia with a vaile ouer her face.*

*Titus.* Welcom my gracious Lord, welcom dread Queen
Welcome ye warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all, although the cheere be poore,
Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it.

*Satur.* Why art thou thus attired *Andronicus*?

*Titus.* Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your highnes, and your Empresse.

*Tam.* We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*,

*Titus.* And if your highnes knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,
Was it well done of rash *Virginius*,
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Because she was enforst, staind, and deflowrde?

*Satur.* It was *Andronicus*.

*Titus.* Your reason mighty Lord?

*Satur.* Because the girle should not suruiue her shame.
And by her presence still renew his sorrowes.

*Titus.* A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall,
A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,
For me most wretched to performe the like,
Die, die *Lauinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy Fathers sorrow die. *he kills her.*

*Saturn.* What hast thou done, vnnaturall and vnkinde?



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*Tit.* Kild her for whome my teares haue mabe me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virgi ius* was,
And haue a thousand times more cause then he,
To doe this outrage, and it is now done.
*King.* What was she rauisht? tell who did the deede.
*Titus.* Wilt please you eat, wilt please your highnes feed?
*Tam.* Why hast thou slaine thine onely daughter
*Titus.* Not I, twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius.*
They rauisht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.
*King.* Goe fetch them hether to vs presently.
*Titus.* Why there they are both, baked in that pie,
Whereof their mother daintilie hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.
Tis true, tis true, witnes my knives sharpe point,
*He stabs the Empresse.*

*Empe.* Die franticke wretch for this accursed deee
*Lucius.* Can the sonnes eye behold his father bleede?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deede.
*Marcus.* You sad fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By vprores seuerd like a flight of fowle,
Scattred by windes and high tempestious gusts,
Oh let me teach you how to knit againe
This scattred corne into one mutuall sheaffe,
These broken limbs againe into one body.
*Roman Lord.* Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto her selfe,
And shee whome mightie kingdomes curtie too,
Like a forlorne and desperate cast away,
Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.
But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
Graue witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as erst our Ancestor,





When with his solemne tongue he did discourse
To loue-sicke Didoes sad attending eare,
The story of that balefull burning night,
When subtile Greekes surprizd King Priams Troy,
Tell vs what Sinon hath bewitcht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
My hart is not compact of flint nor steele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my very vttrance euen in the time
When it should moue you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Heere is a Captaine let him tell the tale,
Your harts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.
*Lucius.* Then noble auditory be it knowne to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdred our Emperours brother,
And they it were that rauished our sister,
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares despisd, and basely cousend,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And sent her enemies vnto the graue.
Lastly my selfe vnkindly banished,
The gates shut on me and turnd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes enemies,
Who drownd their enmity in my true teares,
And opt their armes to imbrace me as a friend,
and I am the turned forth be it knowne to you,
That haue preserud her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosome tooke the enemies point,
Sheathing the steele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know I am no vaunter I,
My scars can witnes, dumb although they are,



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That my report is iust and full of truth,
But soft, me thinkes I doe digresse too much,
Cyting my worthles praise, Oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselues.
*Marcus.* Now is my turne to speake: behold this childe,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The issue of an irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
The villaine is aliue in *Titus* house,
And as he is to witnes this is true,
Now iudge what course had *Titus* to reuenge,
These wrongs, vnspeakeable past pacience,
Or more then any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what say you Romanes?
Haue we done ought amisse? show vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of *Andronicie*
Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutuall closure of our house:
Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall,
Lo hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.
*Emilius.* Come come thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
*Lucius* our Emperour for well I know,
The common voyce doe cry it shall be so.
*Marcus. Lucius*, all haile Romes royall Emperour,
Goe goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbelieuing *Moore*,
To be adiudgd some direfull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
*Lucius* all haile to Romes gracious Gouernour.
*Lucius.* Thankes gentle Romaines may I gouerne so,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe:

But



But gentle people giue me aime a while,
For nature puts me to a heauie taske,
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,
To shed obsequious teares vpon this trunke,
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowful drops vpon thy bloud-staine face,
The last true duties of thy noble sonne.
*Marc.* Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips,
Oh were the summe of these that I should pay,
Countlesse and infinite, yet would I pay them.
*Lucius.* Come hither boy come, come and learne of vs,
To melt in showers, thy Grandsier lou'd thee well,
Many a time he daunst thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleepe, his louing breast thy pillow,
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete and agreeing with thine infancie,
In that respect then, like a louing childe,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kinde nature doth require it so,
Friends should associate friends in griefe and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the graue,
Doe them that kindnes, and take leaue of them.
*Puer.* O Grandsier, Grandsire, euen with all my hart,
Would I were dead so you did liue againe.
O Lord I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me if I ope my mouth.
*Romains.* You sad *Andronicie* haue done with woes,
Giue sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath bene breeder of these dire euents.
*Lucius.* Set him breast deepe in earth and famish him
There let him stand and raue and cry for foode,
If any one releeues or pittries him,
For the offence he dies, this is our doome.

Some

Some ſtay to ſee him faſtned in the earth.

*Aron.* Ah why ſhould wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby I, that with baſe praiers
I ſhould repent the euils I haue done,
Ten thouſand worſe then euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will,
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I doe repent it from my very ſoule.

*Lucius.* Some louing friends conuey the Emperour hence
And giue him buriall in his fathers graue,
My father and *Lauinia* ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our houſholds monument:
As for that hanous Tiger *Tamora*,
No funerell rite, nor man in mournefull weeds,
No mournefull bell ſhall ring her buriall.
But throw her forth to beaſts and birds to prey,
Her life was beaſtly and deuoid of pitty,
And being ſo ſhall haue like want of pitty.
See iuſtice done on *Aron* that damnd *Moore*,
By whome our heauy haps had their beginning:
Then afterwards to order well the ſtate,
That like euents may ner'e it ruinate.

FINIS.

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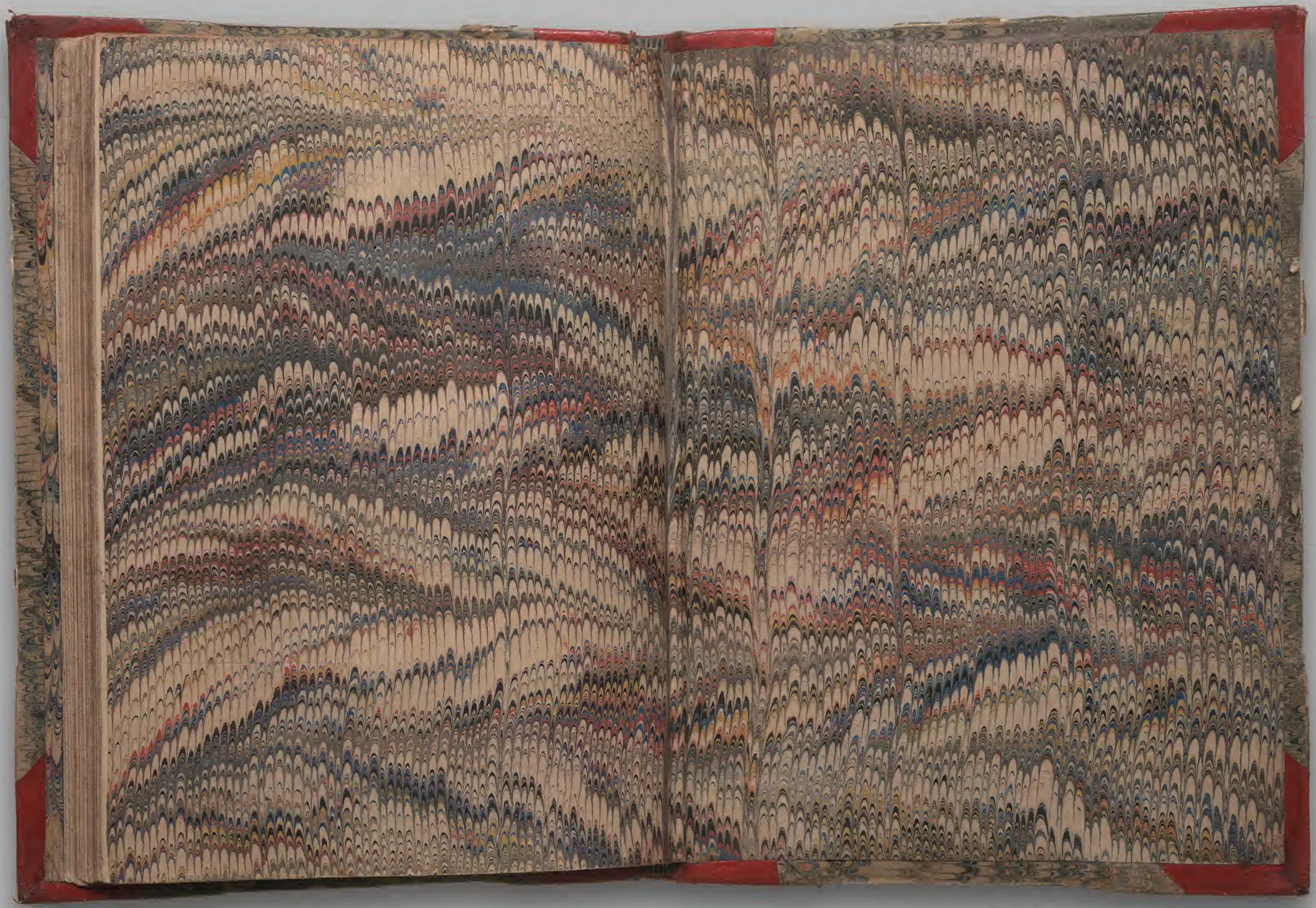

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